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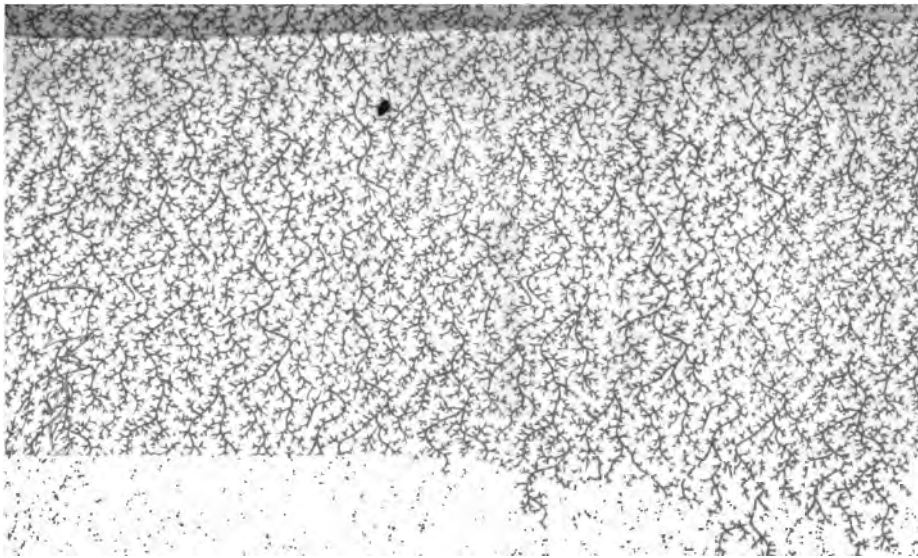

W. A. Smith.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

.....DISJECTA MEMBRA POETÆ. HOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

New-York:

Printed by L. Nichols & Co.

FOR *SAMUEL CAMPBELL*, BOOKSELLER,

NO. 124 PEARL-STREET.

1802.

MD

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

TO

JAMES CURRIE, M. D.

THE

FOLLOWING POEMS,

IN TESTIMONY OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

EDINBURGH,
25th June, 1801.

H. MACNEILL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

.....

SOME of the poems in the following collection, the public have already seen, and received with flattering attention; others have occasionally appeared in different periodical publications in a very incorrect state, while many of the songs set to music, have for a number of years back been exposed to sale in the music shops. As a few of the most popular and important pieces have for some time past been out of print, and are, it seems, much in request, I have, at length, yielded to the repeated solicitations of the Edinburgh booksellers, and selected all the poetical productions I mean to acknowledge, with the view of their being printed in two volumes, which I am told, are shortly to be presented to the public.

A considerable part of the English pieces inserted in the present collection, were written at a time of life when imagination too often

triumphs over judgment, and passion rejects the sober aid of criticism. Apology for insignificant productions written at an early period has nothing to do with this observation, since to present fruits that are insipid or ill-flavoured merely on account of their immaturity, is surely a sorry compliment to the taste of a discerning public. On the present occasion, I am apprehensive I have been influenced more by a gratification of my own taste than an anxiety to gratify that of others. There are certain events in the early stages of life, which, on a retrospect, interest and charm perhaps beyond any other. Among these, scenes and circumstances annexed to youth and passion cannot fail to be remembered with peculiar pleasure, while the occasional and unpremeditated effusions which commemorate the joys that are past, and the friends that are no more, become, even with their faults, the children of our affection. These, however, have been examined with some care, and, I would fain hope, wit' *some* impartiality. Many, with a sigh, ha'

review of my poetical offspring, I cannot deny that, while I fancied some puny and unpromising, I was incapable of excluding them from the *last and only* protection I had to offer. If, in this parental weakness, I have been in fault, it is hoped that the error will be attributed to no other cause. The *cacoethes carpendi* cannot surely attach to one who has so long resisted solicitations to collect, far less the silly vanity of exhibiting to the world what diffidence has so long taught him to conceal.

Mcneill, H.

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THE following Verses possess such uncommon merit, and are so fine a tribute to the memory of a deceased and favorite Scottish Poet, that rather than withhold them from the lovers of genuine poetry, the Author thus subjects himself to the imputation of vanity in publishing the elegant, though unmerited compliment they contain.

VERSES

Addressed to

HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF WILL AN' JEAN.

THE daisy-flower may blaw unseen
On mountain-tap....in valley green!
The rose alane, in native sheen,
Its head may raise!
Nae musing bardie now, I ween,
To sing their praise!

Nae pensive minstrel wight we see
Gang saunt'ring o'er the claver lee!
The fireflaughts dartin' frae his ee
The wilds amang!
Wha native freaks wi' native glee
Sae sweetly sang!

His was the gift, wi' magic power,
To catch the thought in happy hour;
To busk his verse wi' ilka flower
O' fancy sweet!
An' paint the birk or brushwood bowe
Whar lovers meet!

But now he fills his silent lia' !
My sweetest minstrel's fled awa !....
Yet shall his weel-won laurels blaw
Through future days,
Till weary time in flenders a'
The warld lays !'

Such *was* the dowie plaint o' wae
Which Scotia made by bank an' brae,
Whan Burns....(puir Burns !) was ta'en away
And laid at rest !....
(Green grow the grass !....light lie the clay
Upon his breast !)

But *now* she draps the waefu' tale,
And notes o' transport fill the gale;
Nae langer down the silent vale
She lanely mourns
And to her cheek, ance lily pale,
The rose returns!

The streaks o' joy glint in her face,
Thy steps, Macneill, sweet bard! to tr
To mark wi' nature's peerless grace
Thy blossoms blaw!
Happy to see thee fill the place
O' him awa!

How sairlie does her bosom beat
At puir misfortune's wretched state!
While tracing WILL through poortith great
And prospects drear!
And at thy JEANIE's hapless fate
She draps a tear!

Then mark, sweet minstrel o' the day!
Thy Scotia's sons an' maidens gay;
Her deep wild glens; her mountains grey,
Wi' misty head;
And eke her ilka sunny brae
Wi' flow'rs o'erspread!

What time alane thou may'st retire,
May these thy fairy thoughts inspire,
And set thy manly saul on fire
In Scotia's praise;
And mak thee strike thy native lyre
To saftest lays!

To wake the pangs Despair maun dree,
Whan driven houseless o'er the lee;
To strike the strings o' Sympathie
Whan griefs combine
To start the tear in Pity's ee....
The task be thine.

Edinburgh,
Oct. 11, 1799. } *RICHARD GALI*

* Since sending the above to the press, this an
and ingenious young man has paid his debt to n

In his death the Scottish muse has cause to lament the loss of one of her favorite sons. Of this the public will perhaps receive more ample proofs soon, the author having been informed that a small collection of Mr. Gall's poetical pieces, accompanied by a short account of his life, is intended for publication.

SCOTLAND'S SCAITH,

OR THE

HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

OWRE TRUE A TALE.

So shall thy poverty come, as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man.....PROV.

TO

DAVID DOIG, *L.L.D. F.S.A.*

MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

STIRLING.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER having taken one liberty with you, which your indulgent friendship induced you to excuse, you see I am determined to put your good nature to the test, by taking another. The harmless artifice of an author concealing himself, by ascribing his work to the pen of a friend, is a species of literary fraud, which as it implies neither vanity nor ambition, may be easily overlooked; but to dedicate, without permission, a performance which has obtained uncommon proofs of public approbation, is a freedom, which, perhaps, by the illiberal, might be

imputed, not to an impulse of affection, bu
confidence of success. I trust, however, th
and I know one another too well, to requi
formality of ceremony to secure our frien
or labored apology to evince our motives
gard. It therefore, only rests with me at pr
to inform the public, that by this address, n
ject is not to solicit a patron to what has
dy been so liberally patronized, but to co
nicate a fact which I cannot in justice p
on myself to conceal; namely, that withc
kind interference, and friendly assistar
Dr. Doig, the poem of Scotland's Scaith,
likelihood, would never have been publis

My motives for having depicted, and yc
publishing this too faithful portrait of m
depravity, were the same. Impressed wi
baneful consequences inseparable from a
dinate use of ardent spirits among the
orders of society, and anxious to cont
something that might at least tend to ret
contagion of so dangerous an evil; it wa

1 the ardor of philanthropy, that a na-
ithetic story, in verse, calculated to en-
ral truths, in the language of simplicity
ion, might probably interest the uncor-
and that a striking picture of the cala-
icident to idle debauchery, contrasted
: blessings of industrious prosperity,
although insufficient to reclaim aban-
ice) do something to strengthen and en-
endangered virtue. Visionary as these
pectations may have been, it is pleasing
sh the idea; and if we may be allow-
aw favorable inferences, from the sale
iousand copies in the short space of five
, why should we despair of success?

ıg said so much on so trivial a subject,
ıe, in conclusion, to add a few words to
on who has been the chief cause of the
publication. On this opportunity, I
onfess, I am strongly tempted to say
but the recollection of a modesty as re-
le as the genius and erudition of its

possessor, restrains the fervor of
and withholds the just tribute of a
more lively, and more pleasing ree
virtues, which are superior to all th
or talents can bestow, inclines me,
think, that indifferent as you have lo
the 'obstreperous trump of fame,
small voice of gratitude' and este
be unpleasant to your ear; and th
believe me to be, without farther p

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate

And most obedient

Edinburgh,
July 1795.

HECTOR MA

WILL AND JEAN.

PART I.

WHA was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neeboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin, or wrastle?
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle.
Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as mannfu',
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu'
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?.....
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But ware ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
Glinting owre Demait's * brow:
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
Strevlin's † lovely plain below!

* One of the Ochil Hills near Sterling.---Dun-ma (Gaelic,) the hill of the good prospect. It is pron ced De-myit.

† The ancient name of Stirling.

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bare the bell;.....
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!.....
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Sic was Jean, whan Will first mawing,
Spied her on a thraward beast;
Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing
Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green!
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,
Watching sad her opening een.

Sic was Will, whan poor Jean fainting
Drapt into a lover's arms;
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;
Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charı

Soon they loo'd, and soon ware buckle
Nane took time to think and rue.....
Youth and worth and beauty cuppled;
Luve had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but an
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean;

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;
Jean the hale day span and sang;
Will and Weans her constant treasure,
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang;

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye
Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!.....
But at this time NEWS AND WHISKY
Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie
Hame returning frae the fair,
Forgather'd wi'-took Tam, a neebor billie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;
Calmly smil'd the sober e'en;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
Skelping bare-fit owre the gree

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter
Canty Hairst was just begun,
And on mountain, tree, and wate
Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowp
Mark'd the hale, but could nae
Far frae hame, nae time for stopp
Baith wish'd for their ain fire

On they travell'd warm and drouthy,
Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy
Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
To poor merit's modest pray'r;
And on fools heaps needless blessins,
Harken'd to our drouthy pair;

In a howm, wha's bonnie burnie
Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,
Near the road, whar trav'llers turn aye,
Neat and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Haflins seen and haflins hid;

Up the gavel end thick spreading
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,
Rais'd a' round a cozey screen;

Down below, a flowery meadow
Join'd the burnie's rambling line;.....
Here it was, that Howe the Widow
This sam day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelin sees
'*Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,*'
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake! Tam, here's walth for drinking;
Wha can this new comer be?'
'Hoot! quo' Tam, there's drouth in thinking;
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or
Think o' ought but reaming jugs;
Till three times in humming liquor
Ilk had deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refresh'd and talking,
In came Meg (weel skill'd to please)
'Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;
Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.

'Thanks, quo' Will;.....I cannot tarry,
Pick mirk night is setting in,
Jean, poor thing's! her lane and eery..
I maun to the road and rin.'

Hoot! quo' Tam, what's a' the hurry?
Hame's now scarce a mile o' gait....
Come! sit down.....Jean winna weari
Lord! I'm sure it's no sae late!

come wi' Tam's oration,
ell to and ate their fill.....
uo' Will, in mere discretion,
un hae the Widow's gill.'

ill cam anither.....
t cracking 'tween them twa,
m in Mat Smith and's brither,
e Brown and Sandie Shaw.

wha ne'er thought to meet here,
it down wi' double glee,
rew sweet and sweeter !.....
it hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin
Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lov
But ere lang, an owkly meetin
Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

MAIST things hae a sma' beginnin,
But wha kens how things will end?
Owkly clubs are nae great sinnin,
Gin folk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinkin
E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in owkly drinkin
Wha keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,
Ilka social soul allows;
But, in this reformin nation,
Wha can speak without the news?

News, first meant for state physicians,
Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs;
Now whan a' are politicians,
Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae ligh
On some things that should be clea
Found ere lang the fau't, and ae nigh
Clubb'd and gat the Gazetteer.*

* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent
paper, published in 1793-4.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
Swith! by post the papers fled!
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,.....
'Things are no ga'en right,' quo' Tam,
'Let us aftener meet thegither;
Twice a owk's no worth a d.....n.'

See them now in grave convention
To mak a' things 'square and even;'
Or at least wi' firm intention
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,
Gatherin a' the news that fell;
Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,
Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa;
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow!
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek!
Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow,
Whan, poor thing, she could nae sp

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
Owkly clubs mang three or four,
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
Sat and drank frae sax till twa;
Whan she fand that hard-earn'd gettings
Now on drink ware thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee;
And o' luve and hame grown wearit,
Nightly frae his family flee:

Wha could blame her heart's complain
Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek

Will, wha lang had rued and swithe
(Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)
Mark'd the roses as they wither'd
Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

k'd,.....and felt wi' inward rackin
' the wyte lay wi' himsel,.....
re neist night he'd mak a breakin,.....
.....n'd the club and news to hell!

alas! whan habit's rooted,
w hae pith the root to pu';
's resolves were aye nonsuited,
omis'd aye, but aye gat fou;

at first at the convening
oraliz'd on what was right,.....
on clavers entertaining
oz'd and drank till brade day light.

Things at length draw near an ending
Cash rins out; Jean quite unhapp
Sees that Will is now past mending,
Tynes a' heart, and taks a.....drapp

Ilka drink deserves a posey;
Port maks men rude, claret civil;
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,
Whisky maks ilk wife.....a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
School'd by whisky, learns new trick
Flyts, and storms, and rugs Will's

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
Found o' ilk dear dauted wean!
Now, heart harden'd a' thegither,
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark;
Now sells a' her braws for whisky
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang!.....the mair's the pity
E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!

'Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?
Wha in neeboring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

'Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But ware ony half sae fair?'

:e them now.....how chang'd wi' drinking!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!.....
aver'd, doited, daiz'd and blinking,
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

the cauld month o' November,
(Claise, and cash, and credit out)
wring owre a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

nd and bill, and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
ttle, beds, and blankets roupit
Now to pay the laird his rent;

No anither night to lodge here!
No a friend their cause to plead!
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

'O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scaith her mais'

THE WAES O' WAR:

OR

THE UPSHOT

OF THE

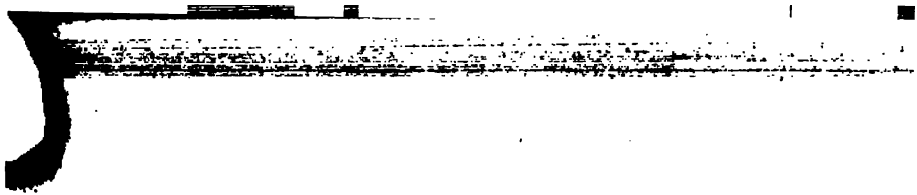
HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

IN

Four Parts.

.....Felices ter et amplius
Quos adversa docet Sors sapientiam. BOETH.

Thrice happy pair
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!



THE WAES O' WAR:

PART I.

Oh! that folk wad weel consider
What it is to tyne a.....name,
What this warld is a' thegither,
If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;
Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,
If bright conscience taks upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart:

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,
Guilty shame will ay look down;
What maun then shame, want, and sorro
Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie!
Ance sae happy, good and fair,
Left by Will, neist morning drearie
Taks the road o' black despair!

Cauld the blast!.....the day was sleeting;
Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
Ance sae sonsy! ance sae sweet!
What a change!....unhous'd and beggar'd,
Starving without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,
Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,
Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygane errors
Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
Whan grim death, wi' a' his terrors
Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,
Baith down drapt! and down Jean
Dais'd and doited' now nae langer;
Thought.....and felt.....and bursting

Gloaming, fast wi' mirky shadow
Crap owre distant hill and plain;
Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,
Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee!
Round and round for some protection
Face nor house she could na see!

Dark, and darker grew the night aye;
Loud and sair the cauld winds thud!.....
Jean now spied a sma bit lightie
Blinking through a distant wood:

Up wi' frantic haste she started;
Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair;
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
Through the gloom o' dark despair!

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled;
Deep she wade through bog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple nati
Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank, wha's sylvan feature
Smil'd out-owre the roaring floo

Simmer here, in varied beauty
Late her flowery mantle spread
Whar auld chesnut, ake and yew-tr
Mingling, lent their friendly sha

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage;
A' their gaudy livery cast;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
Sugh and howl to ilka blast!

Darkness stalk'd wi' fancy's terror ;.....
Mountains mov'd, and castle rock'd !
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

' Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping ?'
Cried a voice wi' angry grane ;.....
' Help ! oh help ! quo' Jeanie, weeping,
' Help my infants, or they're gane !

ipt wi' cauld !.....wi' hunger fainting !
Baith lie speechless on the lea !
elp !' quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,
' Help my lammies ! or they'll die !'

'Wha's this travels cauld and hungr
Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en
Beggars!' cried the voice, mair angr
'Beggars! wi' their brats, I weet

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Fye! gudeman!' cried ane discreet
'Taunt nae poortith at our door.'

Sic a night, and tale thegither,
Plead for mair than anger's din:...
'Rise, Jock!' cried the pitying mith
'Rise! and let the wretched in.'

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Enter!' quo' the youth fu' sweetly,
While up flew the open door.

'Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!
Enter without fear or dread;
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner
To defend the houseless head!

For your bairnies cease repining;
If in life, ye'll see them soon.'.....
Aff he flew; and brightly shining
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
Leave we Jean and weans a while;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain's fostering isle!

Far frae scenes of saftening pleasure,
Love's delights and beauty's charms!
Far frae friendship's social leisure,.....
Plung'd in murdering WAR's alarms

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
  Or ambition's feverish brain,
That sae aft wi' melancholy
  Turns, sweet Peace! thy joys to pain?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,
  (Emblems o' thy spotless life)
And in war's grim look alarmin
  Arms thee wi' the murd'rers knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
  Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!
And for hope and joy.....twin marrows,
  Leaves the mourner drown'd in tears!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
Credit, claise, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance loo'd Jeanie Miller,
And sweet bairns to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozy dwellin,
Shelter'd haughs, and briken braes
Greenswaird hows, and dainty meali
Ance his profit, pride and praise!

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musk
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain
Fleetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and bi
Wow! but Will was wondrous

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking;
How could thought her station keep?
Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
Doz'd reflection fast asleep

But whan midst o' toils and dangers,
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd-banners,
Waving to the widow's moan!
Will saw glory's boasted honours
End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong waa'd city
Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fir'd by freedom's burning fever,
Gallia strack death's slaughtering kn
Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,
Britons fought.....but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
By the faith o' friendship's laws;.....
Fell unpity'd.....unlamented!
Eluiding in a thankless cause!*

* Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
Fighting foremost o' them a';
Swith! fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
And took Willie's leg away:.....

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
Sigh'd.....and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
Without cover, bed or bedding,
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
(Left behint wi' hundreds mair)
See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;....
Cur'd! alas! but never! never!
Cool'd the fever at his heart!

For whan a' ware sound and sleeping,
Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
Mourning owre his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd !....
A' his dreams o' warlike fame !....
A' his glittering phantoms banish'd !
Will could think o' nought but....hame !

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
Rural labour ! rural ploys !
Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
War, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden
Will's return'd (exchang'd for faes),
Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
Friend or credit, meat, or claise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,
Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity;
See! poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Plac'd at length on Chelsea's bounty,
Now to langer beg thinks shame,
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty;.....
Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions
Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connexions
Swell his heart and blind his ee.....

'Monster! wha could leave neglected
Three sma' infants, and a wife,
Naked.....starving.....unprotected!
Them, too, dearer ance than life!

Villain ! wha wi' graceless folly
Ruin'd her he ought to save !....
Chang'd her joys to melancholy,
Beggary, and,.....perhaps, a gra

Starting !.....wi' remorse distracte
Crush'd wi' grief's increasing l
Up he bang'd ; and sair afflicted,
Sad and silent took the road !

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flag
Sometimes helpit, Will gat for
On a cart, or in a waggon,
Hirpling ay towards the north.

Tir'd ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft, the southlan breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sugh'd the green ake wood!
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strak the ear wi' thunderin thud;

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
Linties sang on ilka tree;
Frae the wast, the sun, near setting,
Flam'd on Roslin's towers* sae hie!

* Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers! and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks! unpeer'd by ony
Save the muses' Hawthornden!*

Ilka sound and charm delighting;
Will (tho' hardly fit to gang)
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant straeberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

* The ancient seat of the celebrated poet, Wil
Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

'Soldier, rise!.....the dews o' e'ening
Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith!
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep nae here and catch your death.

Traveller, waken!.....night advancing
Cleads wi' grey the neeboring hill!.....
Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing.....
A' the woods are mute and still!'

'What hae I,' cried Willie, waking,
'What hae I frae night to dree'?.....
Morn, thro' clouds in splendor breaking,
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!

House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedd
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!
House, nor hame! nor bed, nor beddi
What hae I frae night to dree?'

'Sair, alas! and sad and many
Are the ills poor mortals share!.....
Yet, tho' hame nor bed ye hae nae,
Yield nae, soldier, to despair!

What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
If Hope's bright'ning beams shoul
See!.....tho' night comes dark and eeri
Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

There, tho' walth and waste ne'er riot
Humbler joys their comforts shed,
Labour.....health.....content and quiet!
Mourner! there ye'll find a bed.

Wife! 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
There, alas! ye needa seek.....
Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek!

A' her earthly pride and pleasure
Left to cheer her widow'd lot!
A' her warldly walth and treasure
To adorn her lanely cot!

Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction
Bright'ning joys will often shine;
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection,
Trust to Providence divine!'

PART IV.

SWEET as Rosebank's* woods and river
Cool whan simmer's sunbeams dart,
Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever
That lang brunt at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow!
Listening to his guide before,
Owre green know, and flowery hallow,
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

* Rosebank near Roslin; the author's place of nativity.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, tho' humble!
Deckt wi' hinnysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's water's rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, * sae white and stately,
Dim by gloamin glint to view;
Thro' Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mither fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle
Bleising on a clean hearth-stane.

* Melville's Castle, the seat of the Right Honorable Henry Dundas.

'Soldier, welcome !..... come, be cheery !
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed.....
Faint,.....waes me ! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek, sae lately red !'

'Chang'd I am,' sigh'd Willie till her ;
'Chang'd, nae doubt, as chang'd can be !
Yet, alas ! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see !'

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when without warning
Rough blasts cam, and shook the spray ?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
Drap, whan pierc'd by death ma
Then, see Jean, wi' colour dieing
Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years affliction
(A' their waes now hush'd to res
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad.....sad sufferin
How she wander'd, starving poo
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings
Wi' three bairns frae door to dc

How she serv'd.....and toil'd.....and fever'd,
Lost her health, and syne her bread;
How that grief, whan scarce recover'd,
Took her brain, and turn'd her head!

How she wander'd round the county
Mony a live-lang night her lane!
Till at last an angel's bounty
Brought her senses back again:

Gae her meat,.....and claise,.....and siller;
Gae her bairnies wark and lear;
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
Wi' four sterling pounds a year.'

Willie, harkening, wip'd his ein aye;
'Oh! what sins hae I to rue!
But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?'
'Wha,' quo' Jeanie, 'but...Buccleug

Here, supported, cheer'd, and cherish'd,
Nine blest months, I've liv'd, and mai
Seen these infants clad and nourish'd;
Dried my tears; and tint despair;

Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,
Light the lanesome hours gae round;
Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning
Brings yon angel's helping pound!'

* The Dutchess of Buccleugh, the unwearied
ness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

'Eight pounds mair,' cried Willie, fondly,
'Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!
And, O Jean! gin friends ware kindly,
Eight pounds soon might stock a farm.

There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,
Freed frae a' that peace destroys,
Idle waste and druken ruin!
War and a' its murdering joys!'

Thrice he kiss'd his lang lost treasure!
Thrice ilk bairn; but cou'dna speak;
Tears o' luve, and hope, and pleasure
Stream'd in silence down his cheek!

TO

ELIZA

ON HER MARRIAGE.

You're now, Eliza, fix'd for life;
In other words, you're now.....a wife;
And let me whisper in your ear,
A wife, though fix'd, has cause to fear;
For much she risks, and much she loses
If an improper road she chooses.
Yet think not that I mean to fright you,
My plan, *au contraire's* to delight you;
To draw the lines where comfort reaches:
Where folly flies; where prudence teaches

In short, Eliza, to prevent you
From nameless ills that may torment you;
And ere bright Hymen's torch burns faintly,
From nuptial glare conduct you gently,
Where (cur'd of wounds from Cupid's quiver)
A milder lustre beams for ever!

First, then, Eliza, change your carriage,
Courtship's a different thing from marriage,
And much I fear (by passion blinded)
This change at first is seldom minded.
The miss who feasts on rich romances,
And love-sick sonnets, wisely fancies
That all the end of ardent wooing
Is constant billing, constant cooing.

The nymph again, whom caution teaches
To doubt the truth of rapt'rous speeches,
She whom experience oft has school'd,
And shewn how husbands may be.....rul'd
Laughs at the whims of fond sixteen,
And thinks that wedlock stamps.....a queen
Now I (though ne'er, alas! contracted)
Consider both as half distracted;
And will predict that endless strife
Must be the lot of either wife.
Not that I would infer from hence
That men of feeling, worth, or sense,
Could ever try to wound or pain
A tender breast with cold disdain;
Or e'er descend to storm and battle
At fondly-foolish female prattle.

Yet if sweet madam, without reason,
Will fret and fume, and mutter treason,
Plaguing her plain, unpuffing spouse,
About his former oaths and vows,
And tender sighs, and soft expressions,
With various comments and digressions,
I will not swear that mere connexion
Will guard the husband's warm affection;
And when affection cools, they say
The husband's apt to.....go astray.

Maids, prais'd and flatter'd all their lives,
Expect as much when they are wives;
And think when husbands cease palav'ring,
That love (sweet souls!) is surely wav'ring:

Then hey ! for pets, and cold distrust,
Doubt's sullen brow, and dreams accurst:
The game goes on, ma'am's in the dump
And jealousy at last is trumps.
For thee, fair flower ! of softest dye,
That caught so late each vagrant eye,
Still breathing sweets, still blooming gay
Beauteous in winter as in May :
For thee this truth the muse has penn'd
The muse.....but more thy anxious friend
'Woman's bright charms were giv'n to lure
They catch, 'tis true ; but can't secure us

Sage Solomon, who paints with beauty
A virtuous woman's worth and duty,

npares her to a ship of trade,
t brings from far her daily bread.*
s may be true; but as for me,
draw a plainer simile,
l call a virtuous wife a gem,
ich for its worth we ne'er contemn,
ugh soon its water, size and hue,
w quite familiar to the view.
at then ensues? Why, faith, I'll tell ye;
think of nothing but.....the value.
take this gem and lay it by
m the possessor's careless eye,
ceal it's lustre, dazzling bright,
m beaming daily on his sight,

e is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her om afar. Prov. xxxi. v. 14.

I'll take you any bet at pleasure,
Whene'er he views this tempting tre:
With eager bliss and sparkling eyes
He'll mark each new-born charm aris
And with the joy of first possession,
Admire and rave, sans intermission!

If women, therefore, would be wis
Instead of murmurs, tears and sighs,
And sullen moods, and scolding frays
When lovie's absent for some days,
Let ev'ry female art conspire
To drive him from the parlour fire.
Of all the plagues in wedded life,
To teaze or to torment a wife,

There's none more likely to increase
The bane of matrimonial peace,
Than the tame husband always by
With prying and suspicious eye.
Mark then, when **** goes to town,
Smile thou, when other wives would frown;
He only goes (nay, don't be angry)
To take a walk to make him hungry;
To taste awhile, unknown to care,
A change of exercise and air;
Observe the pert, the bold, the witty.....
How diff'rent from his own sweet Betty!
Return impatient to his home,
No husband, but a fond bridegroom.

Lastly, Eliza, let me say
That wives should rather yield than s
To thwart a husband's fixt opinion
Is not the way to gain dominion,
For kisses order, tears reprove,*
And teach us rev'rence, fear and love
O! born to soothe and guide the hea
With native softness, void of art!
Thou, whom nor pride nor fashion s
Unchang'd by flatt'ry's giddy praise;
And thou, to whom a trem'lous youth
First spoke the tale of love and truth,
Blending with passion's fond alarms
The bright'ning beam of virtue's cha

* Leurs ordres sont des carresses, leurs mena des pleurs. ROUSSAU.

Ah! lend not now a careless ear!....
Yet, yet attend to truth sincere!
These lines, at least with smiles receive,
The last, perhaps, thy bard shall give.

. . . . . .

While pleasure spreads her gawdy train,
To lure the trifling and the vain;
While fashion kill the tedious day
With shopping, concert, cards, and play;
While female love and youth's fair charms
Shrink from pure passion's ardent arms,
And cling to splendour's fancied bliss,
With withering age and wretchedness,
Be thine, Eliza, more refin'd,
The pleasures of the virtuous mind!

Be thine the transports of the heart
Which love and goodness still impart
The tender glance, the tranquil smile,
A husband's sorrows to beguile:
The blush of joy divinely meek;
That paints a mother's glowing cheek
The balm that friendship still bestows
The tear that drops for human woes
These, these, Eliza! light the way,
And cheer when other charms decay
Conduct through care and worldly gl
And whisper joys.....beyond the tomb

DONALD AND FLORA,

A BALLAD,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA.....1778.

WHEN many hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor Flora slipt away
Sadd'ning to Mora. *
Loose flow'd her *yellow* hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow :

* A retreat so named by the Lovers.

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast:.....
Haste then, O Donald, haste!
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'e
Since on a foreign shore
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

'Where now is Donald dear?'
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
'Say, is he still sincere
To his lov'd Flora?'
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turn'd to stone;.....
Ah Flora! thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

Come then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah, sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me!
O heav'ns! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora!

'Never, O wretched fair,
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
'Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow
Donald thy love lies low!
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But ah! though our foes did f
Sad was each victory.
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell far from Mora!

'Here, take this love-wroug
Donald expiring said,
'Give it to yon dear maid
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora.

lute stood the trembling fair,
peechless with wild despair,
hen striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out ' poor Flora !
h Donald !.....ah well a-day !'
'as all the fond heart could say.
t length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

AN

ELEGY

On the sudden Death of a beautiful young l
Jamaica, attended by the singular occurr
a Nightingale perching on the tree under
he was interred, and singing sweetly duri
Funeral Service.

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA IN 1788.

RELENTLESS Death !.....ah ! why s
Cut down the flow'ret fair to viev
Pale gleam'd the light of yonder mo
When pest'lence shed her deadly

* He died of a putrid sore throat, occasion
wholesome night damps.

The morn arose serene and clear,
The sun refulgent glow'd at noon;
But nought the drooping flower could cheer.
Ah! wherefore droop'd the flower so soon!

By yonder tree (his fav'rite shade,
Where late he joy'd with sports and play)
They dig his grave; there, lowly laid
Sleeps CAMPBELL'S silent senseless clay!

Ah! what avails the tear and sigh,
That close, lov'd boy! thy funeral gloom!
The doleful dirge, and frantic cry
Of Afric's mourners round thy tomb!*

* In Jamaica it is customary on the death of a white person, for all the domestic negroes to attend the fu-

Ah! what avails!.....But cease the strain;
Ye weeping parents, dry the tear.
See! Philomela joins the train,
And chants a requiem o'er his bier.

Sweetly she warbles, perch'd on high,
Far from her mate and haunts of even;
She comes, an herald from the sky,
To greet the cherub soul to heaven!

neral. If the deceased has been a particular favourite, it is usual for the female slaves to raise after the interment, a funeral song or dirge over the grave. This consists of loud and dismal lamentations, chiefly expressive of the good qualities of the deceased; such as, 'O my good massa!' 'O my dear massa!' accompanied with clapping of hands, and violent gesticulations of sorrow.

Yet here should pensive pilgrim stray
At soft'ning eve, or fervent noon,
Here may he heave the sigh and say,
'Ah, wherefore droop'd the flow'r so soon!'

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A BOTTLE OF IRISH USQUEBAUGH.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.

In spite of all that poets tell us
(For poets are but lying fellows)
Of Cupid's flames, and Cupid's darts,
And all his soft bewitching arts,
That teach the stubborn heart to move,
And tune the rudest speech to love,
I cannot say I recollect
One single instance, proof, or fact,

Where freedom, wit, or common sense,
E'er flow'd from true love eloquence.
For me (should love-sick qualms attack us),
I've much more faith in honest Bacchus,
And can't help thinking master Cupid
Oft makes us mad; but oftner stupid:
At least, if one may judge from action,
And looks that border on distraction,
The man who really feels love's passion,
Acts, speaks, and reasons.....out of fashion.
'This may be true,' I hear you cry,
'Yet bards, you say, can sometimes lie:
And since you choose the present time
To vent 'gainst love your spleen, in rhyme,
Produce your proofs, or cease to rail.'.....
With all my heart!.....I'll tell a tale.

When sprightly Daphne went a maying,
And all the loves and graces playing
Around her beauteous face were seen
To deck the bloom of fair nineteen,
Young Strephon met her on the green.
Struck with her charms.....to speak afraid,
By love enthrall'd, by love dismay'd.....
The senseless Strephon (keep from laughter!)
Had not the power to follow after;
But gaz'd, and gap'd, with transports swelling,
Nor ask'd her name, nor mark'd her dwelling.
Six months, six torturing months and more,
Did Strephon loud his loss deplore;
And often rang'd the fields in vain
To find the lovely maid again;

And often curs'd his fluttering folly,
And often groan'd with melancholy;
When Love and Fun one night agree,
The youthful pair should meet at.....tea.

Soon as our rapt'rous swain had ventur'd
The parlour door to ope, and enter'd,
And saw his Daphne's dazzling charms,
He lost the power of legs and arms.
His foot that whilom us'd to glide
Along the floor with graceful slide,
Now rudely strikes his tumbling cane,
Which, trying to obtain again,
His luckless skull salutes a chair,
And fearful stands his injur'd hair!.....

Behold now Strephon in his place,
With 'blushing honours' on his face:
The tea's to hand;.....he cannot fail
To tread on harmless Tabby's tail:
To ease her pain, puss squalls and kicks
And in his leg her talons sticks;
And tears the hose, and eke the skin,
Till streams run down poor Strephon's shin:
Stung with the smart, I do assure ye
He roar'd and caper'd like a fury;
And in his gambols (dire mishap!)
Dropt cup and tea in Daphne's lap.

You loath the sot with liquor muddy
Eyes all inflam'd, and face all ruddy;

Yet never once conclude with me
That Strephon was as drunk as he;
The man who speaks things out of season,
Or acts as if bereft of reason,
I must consider just as bad
As he who's drunk, or he who's mad.
'Pray sir, a truce with moralizing,
And answer this without disguising:
Did Strephon e'er his flame discover?'
No.....never while a downright lover.
In vain each night he frames with art
Some speech to melt his Daphne's heart;
Whene'er he tries to ope his lips,
Away! each soft idea skips,
And leaves him nought but hems and hahs,
And stamm'rings to fill up each pause;

And blushes, groans, and palpitation.....
(A pretty kind of conversation!) ...
'What then! did Strephon never win her!'
Never, till one blest day at dinner.
'At dinner say you!....how.....when....where?
How keenly curious women are!
I would be brief.....I hate great talkers.....
You're so particular!....well!....at Walker's*
One morning, Strephon ask'd to dine,
To meet at four, to part at nine:
The party choice.....for reasons shown him
He went and drank his magnum bonum.†

Behold him now, a jovial boy!
No fluttering fears!.....no trembling joy;

* A noted Tavern in Edinburgh.

† A bottle of claret containing two English quarts.

And, all his groans and blushes over,
Mark how he breathes the ardent lover.

Struck with amaze, sweet Daphne hears
New accents reach her ravish'd ears:
'And, fairest of thy sex!' he cries
(While passion sparkles in his eyes,)
'O source of ev'ry chaste delight!
My thought by day; my dream by night;
My ev'ry hope; my ev'ry care;
My joy; my comfort; my.....despair:
Ah! wherefore should I still conceal
'What all can feign, but few can feel!' *
Since first these heav'nly charms were seen
By luckless Strephon on the green;

* Cartwright.

Since first with smiles and spirits gay
You hail'd the merry morn of May,
What fluttering hopes have fir'd my brain!
What fears of torture, doubts of pain!
What pangs, what sorrows, ne'er to find
By speech, or look, my Daphne kind,
But cold and senseless to my anguish,
Still left a wretch to droop and languish!'
'My God!' the wond'ring fair replies
(While tears of rapture fill her eyes,)
'How! how could Daphne ever know
Her Strephon's love; her Strephon's woe!
Till this soft tale, so sweetly sung!
I never heard your tuneful tongue;
Till this fond hour, I never found
These eyes but downcast on the ground;.....

'ou still were silent, absent, cool :.....
took you, Strephon, for.....a fool.'

Now Mira, that my tale is ended,
hope I've prov'd what I intended,
'o wit, that without gen'rous wine
youth may sigh, and groan, and whine,
ut never talk in strains divine.
or what is love, or what is beauty,
lovers cannot do their duty ?
)r what are flames, or inclination,
Vithout the fire of inspiration ?.....
ll, all must end in strange confusion,
Vithout the gift of elocution.
or me, who never had much brass,
find vast courage in a glass;

And now that blushing's out of fash
Or drink I must, or breathe no passi
And sure, if strains like mine have char
When half-seas o'er there's no great ha
And though last night, when first w
You frown'd, and fretted in a pet,
Withdrew your hand, with face aver
And thrice for me your chair deserte
Yet, warm'd by wine, I well rememl
Unchill'd by looks, cold as Decembe
I prattled wit from jovial quaffing,
Till, quite o'ercome, at length, with la
You pardon smil'd; and gen'rous h
Gave me your hand before we parte
Nay, once delighted, almost swore
I ne'er talk'd half so well before.

Charm'd with the good effects of wine,
next day hurried to Gavine, *
ınd straightway bought *(ne merveille pas!)*
ı bottle of his Usquebaugh.
Vhich now I send you, with this rule,
'hat when I trifle like a fool,
'r silent grow, or lose my temper,
'or God's sake! fill me up a bumper!
ill head, and heart, and tongue improve,
.nd make me say whate'er you love!

O could its virtue's but inspire
'his breast with true poetic fire,
'o sing, in numbers strong and clear,
'hy friendship, ardent, and sincere,

* A famous distiller of liqueurs near Edinburgh.

Thy humour, sprightly, social, f
Thy temper's blest serenity!
O! could its virtues but impart
The language of thy feeling hea
To paint in accents sweetly mild
The duties of a tender child;
And every art and virtue rare
That sooths an aged father's care
In faith! dear Mira, to be plain
(Though much I dread your col
In spite of all you'd think or say
I'd drink till tipsy every day.

THE WHIP,

OR,

A Touch at the Times.

TO MISS D. OF LINSTED, WITH A WHIP MADE OF A RHINOCEROS'S SKIN.....1784.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt.....SENECA.

RE modest virtue lost her way
nong the profligate and gay,
Few modes were used for travel;
ıknown to whip, or spur, or boot,
ch hardy Briton trudg'd on foot,
Through mud, bog, dust and gravel.

'Twas then the fair, as story tells,
(Ah! how unlike our modern belles!)
Knew neither coach nor saddle;
No female Phætonians then
Surpass'd the boldest of our men
In gesture, look, and straddle.

But form'd by nature's artless hand,
Blushes, 'tis said, at her command
Oft stole o'er beauty's features:
No wife then scorn'd domestic sweets
No daughter Jehu! scour'd the streets
Good lad! what simple creature

Emerg'd at length from gothic rules,
Our fair ones, train'd in happier schools,
For blushes, now give fashion;
Each modest virtue thrown aside,
Behold! like men, erect, astride!
They drive! they whip! they dash on!

O! may the glorious day arrive,
When each bold lass her nag shall drive
O'er hedges, gates, and ditches!
Despise the housewife's hateful lot,
And change the useless petticoat
For boots and buckskin's breeches!

Yet heterogeneous as they are,
Half man.....half woman.....half centaur
Some grave folks dread infection:
See! virtue trembling flies the land!
Alas! 'gainst furious four in hand
No *common* whip's protection!

Struck with the thought, I reason'd long
Eliza, poor thing's far from strong,
And yet she loves a canter;
.....Some fierce virago, high in blood
May lay her sprawling in the mud,
Or in a hedge-row plant her!

hat then remains the weak to shield ?
ust freedom thus her charter yield ?.....
Has beauty no defender ?
..Alas ! no bosom swells with rage !....
here's nought in this bold dashing age,
But flogging to befriend her !

nce lashing's then the ton, the tip,
nd vict'ry now turns on the Whip,
The toughest whip should win ;
nd as we know in each hard bout,
he ' toughest hide holds longest out,'
I'll find.....a whip of skin.'

Pleas'd with the fancy, swift I sped,
Mad with the project in my head,
I rang'd half India o'er;
But hides well beat, are seldom tough:
At last a bit of precious stuff
I found on Afric's shore.

There, by his streams and tangling grove
The huge Rhinoceros careless roves,
Though growls each savage nigh:
Undaunted, arm'd with horn and hide,
To ball and dart he turns his side,
Unheeded as they fly.

ut what's the arm'd, the bold, the strong!
gain we moralize our song,)
If treachery aims the blow?
'n Samson fell by female wit,
nd see! in subtle treachery's pit
The mighty beast lies low.

ius fall'n by cunning's sneaking plot,
ith joy they strip his horny coat;
('Twas wondrous to behold!)
heavens! I cried, 'at length I've found
skin that's proof 'gainst mortal wound!
'Tis worth its weight in gold!'

Torn from the side it lately grac'd,
A slice I cut with eager haste;
A tough, tenacious slip!
And hurrying home to British land,
Gave it to Kelly in the Strand,*
Who form'd it to a whip.

Thus arm'd, with virtue on your side,
Unconquer'd reign, undaunted ride,
Nor fear e'en Lade† or Archer.†
Some dame indeed may whoop and crac
But let Rhinoceros touch her back,
It will both blue and starch her.

* Whip-maker to the Prince of Wales.

† Sir John Lade and Lady Archer, two of t most celebrated phæton drivers in England.

, could its virtues but repair
he lungs of thy half-winded mare,
How great would be thy glory!
om Linsted town thy fame would trot
en to the house of Johnny Grot,
In many a marv'lous story.

hen should we hear in clam'rous boast,
ow one young fair one rul'd the roast,
As Pitt now rules the nation;
lade female jockies bounce and skip,
nd by the pow'r of one fam'd Whip,
Flogg'd vice from freedom's station!

But since, alas! no cure we know,
Since Phill * must puff, or you mov
Mark well a friend's direction.
Hold fast the reigns of female pride
Whip ev'ry coxcomb from your sid
To listen is.....infection.

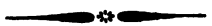
Yet should the man, of worth posse
Fair candour glowing at his breast,
Confess thy power of charms;
List to his tale, be frank, be kind
Unfashion'd blush to love refin'd,
And whip.....into his arms!

* Eliza's mare.

TO

MISS JEAN
AND
MISS ISABELLA M****,

WITH TWO BOTTLES OF THE OTTA OF ROSES.



Lost rudely round this whirling sphere,
Estrang'd from all he valued dear;
Shut out from beauty's bright'ning ray;
The social night, the tranquil day;
Involv'd in tumults wild uproar,
And dropt on India's burning shore;
Behold a woe-worn wand'rer roam,
Far from his friends and native home!

'Thus 'scap'd from storm and battle's *rage*
Shall I,' he cried, 'new ills engage!
Shall I, by care and fortune crost,
Droop sorrowing on a foreign coast;
And whelm'd at last in hopeless gloom,
Sink unlamented to the tomb!'

'Perish the thought!' a seraph cries,
(A seraph wafted from the skies.)†
'Perish the thought! a softer ray
Yet comes to guide thy wilder'd way.

* Alluding to the last naval engagement between Edward Hughes and M. Suffrein in the East during which the author was on board his ship the Gibraltar.

† See the author's address to the Scottish

What though rude mirth and tempests roar,
And fortune frowning locks her store;
What though no converse reigns refin'd,
And lov'd Miranda's left behind;
A brighter morn will yet appear,
To chace the gloom and gild the year:
A milder dawn o'erspread the grove,
A warmer theme attune to love;
When freedom's sun bright o'er the main
Illumes fair ALBION's cliffs again;
And glittering high on mountain hoar
Proclaims afar lov'd SCOTIA's shore;
Where friendship waits in smiles array'd,
To bind the wound that fate has made;

And sympathy, with melting eye,
To catch the tale and heave the sigh;
And mild oblivion, kind to cast
A dark'ning shade on suff'rings past.
Meanwhile,' she said, 'this gift n
And henceforth, wand'rer, cease to gr
For know, in this a virtue rare,
(A passport likewise to the fair.)
Can cheer dejection's languid gloom,
And rich, to beauty yield perfume!
Guard then this treasure, and when fat
Conducts thee safe, or soon or late,
Where Fortha's wanderings gently glic
Through fields that wave their cultur'd
There, while again, thou wander'st o'e
Each dear lov'd spot, oft trod before;

Or. from Strevlina's height serene
Survey'st around the pictur'd scene,
Or view'st sublime her castled towers
From A.....'s sheltering bowers
Where social mirth wan care beguiles,
Midst female virtues, female smiles;
While hope's fond joys past sorrows heal,
Let breasts like thine fresh ardour feel,
To mark each virtue as it springs,
And as the muse impassion'd sings,
On maids of worth this gift bestow,
A *****; a *******; a M****.'

Charm'd with the tale, with sighs I prest
The welcome treasure to my breast;

Go! and while odours from
Round Jane or Bella's snowy
Tell them from me, no sweet
Can match the tender female
Nor Persia's rose*, that bloo
With Virtue's charms can e'e
No! nor rich Ceylon's spicy g
Nor fam'd Arabia's scented v
A balm so grateful can diffus
To wake and animate the mu
As that which shook from Fri
Attunes the lyre's according s
And prompts e'en bards like

* The etta is made from the rose

THE HARP,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Smeirg a loisgeadh a thiompan ria.

To the Reader.

.....

THE writer of the present Poem thinks ıecessary to acquaint the public, that it is nded on a short traditionary story, which :hed him by the following accidental cir- ıstance. A gentleman in Perthshire, well ıwn for his researches into antiquity and na- ıal character, * chancing while on a tour to Hebrides, to hear some person say, 'I'll ne- burn my harp for a woman †' took occasion ısk the meaning of the proverb.....He receiv- for answer, a simple unadorned tale, some- ıt similar to the ground-work of the present m; the singularity of which struck him so :ibly, that he committed it to writing. On

* Mr. Ramsay, of Auchertyre.

† 'Smeirg a loisgeadh a thiompan ria.'

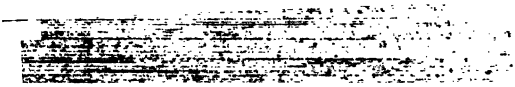
a visit some years ago, to a friend * who had accidently seen the manuscript, he related this little artless story to the author, and, with his usual glow of colouring, diffused such an air of novelty and passion over it, as to suggest an idea that something interesting might be made of it in verse. The first part was written shortly after, but the author's sudden departure for Europe, put a stop for some time to any further attempt; although he must confess, inclination repeatedly disposed him to finish what he had begun. A tedious passage home, furnished him with ample opportunities to gratify this propensity.....his residence in Britain since his arrival, has enabled him to receive the opinion of his friends, and to avail himself of their strictures.

Having given this short account of his Harp, the author now presents it to the world, with

* The late Mr. Graham, of Gartmore.

mixture of hope and diffidence which the iality of friends, and the uncertainty of pub_ pprobation, naturally excite. Of its me- he shall say nothing. In an age, and in a ıtry, however, so highly cultivated as the ent, one observation may not be improper. uld the poem in some instances appear too ɣular and abrupt in its construction, the au- begs that it may not be imputed to inad- ency, but design. His aim was to render ale rather interesting than regular, and ani- ed rather than correct. Nature and passion ed, were his chief objects; and as these can r derive such energy from descriptive as n dramatic composition, it is almost unne- ary for him to observe, that the Antient ad has been his model.

Edinburgh,
pril 15, 1789.



THE HARP.

PART I.

STILL'D is the tempest's blust'ring roar;'
Hoarse dash the billows of the sea;.....
But who on Kilda's dismal shore
Cries.....'Have I burnt my harp for thee!'

'Tis Col, wild raving to the gale,
That howls o'er heath, and blasted lea;
Still as he eyes the lessening sail,
Cries.....'Have I burnt my harp for thee!

.....Bright was thy fame in Bara's isle,
Sweet bard! where many a rival sung;
Oft hadst thou wak'd the tear and smile
As soft thy harp melodious rung:

Oft hadst thou touch'd the female heart,
(To love I ween! and pity true)
Till Mora came to hear thy art;.....
Mora, with eye of softening blue.

The maid he priz'd above the throng
That press'd to hear his raptur'd strain;
The maid, who melted at the song,
But trifled with a lover's pain:

ng had he borne the treach'rous smile
That cherish'd hope, and left despair;
ıe promis'd bliss which female guile
As oft dispers'd in empty air;

ll shunn'd by ev'ry constant maid;
Condemn'd by friends; by kindred prest;
:ceitful thus, in smiles array'd,
Mora the sorrowing youth address:

o long, O Col! in plaintive moan
Thou'st strung thy Harp to strains divine;
ld but two strings of varied tone,
This heart, this yielding heart, is thine,'

Two strings the youth, with anxious care,
Half doubtful, to his Harp applies;
And oft, in vain, he turns each air,
And oft each varying note he tries;

At length (unrivall'd in his art!)
With new-born sounds the valley rings;
Col claims his Mora's promis'd heart
As deep he strikes the varied strings!

Three moons, three honied moons, are pa
Since Col, enraptur'd laugh'd at care;
And oft the tuneful Harp he blest
That won a nymph so good and fair:

Till mindful of those tender ties
That fashion's sons would blush to name;
With soften'd voice, and melting sighs,
He thus accosts his peerless dame.

Three months, dear partner of my bliss!
Three fleeting months have shed their charms
Since first I snatch'd the bridal kiss,
And clasp'd perfection to my arms:

Yet happiness, however true,
Must fade if selfish or confin'd;.....
Your friends now claim affections due;
The kindred transports of the mind!

Each parent mourns our cold delay;
They think of Mora with a tear:
The gale invites.....at early day
To Cana's sea-beat shore we steer.'

The morn blush'd fair; mild blew the gale;
The lark to heaven light warbling springs;
Col smiles with love, spreads quick the sail,
And sweeps with ravish'd heart the strings!

But ah! how short the transient gleams
That light with joy the human breast!....
The tempest raves and wildly screams
Each frighted sea fowl to her nest,

High rage the billows of the deep
That lately roll'd serenely mild,
And dash'd near Kilda's awful steep;
Col clasps his love with horror wild.

For cold's the form o'er which he hung
With raptur'd eye the morn before;
And mute and tuneless is the tongue
That charm'd so late on Bara's shore;

And pale and lifeless is the cheek
That glow'd so late with rosy hue;
The eye that melting joys could speak
Is clos'd!.....the eye of soft'ning blue.

Hard with the furious surge he strove,
His Love and fav'rite harp to save;
Till deep in Crona's sea-worn cove,
He bears them safe from storm and wave.

But cove, nor love's assiduous care
Could ebbing life's warm tide restore!.....
Pale, wet, and speechless lay the fair
On Kilda's bleak and stormy shore.

Oft, oft her breathless lips of clay
With frantic cries he fondly prest;
And while a senseless corse she lay,
He strain'd her madly to his breast.

But who can paint the pencil true
The scene, when sighs first struggling stole
(Which thus by magic love he drew)
Deep lab'ring from her fluttering soul!

'She breathes!....she lives!' the minstrel cried,
'Life has not fled this beauteous form!.....
Protecting heaven! some aid provide!.....
Shield....shield my trembler from the storm!

'No roof its friendly smoke displays!....
No storm-scap'd faggot, turf, nor tree.....
No shrub to yield one kindly blaze,
And warm my love to life and me!

Dark grows the night!.....and cold and sharp
Beat wind, and hail, and drenching rain!
Nought else remains.....I'll burn my Harp!'
He cries, and breaks his harp in twain.

'For thee, O Mora! oft it rung,
To guard thee from each rival's art;
And now, though broken and unstrung,
It guards from death thy constant heart.'

Bright flam'd the fragments as he spoke;
One parting sigh his Harp he gave:
The storm-drench'd faggots blaze thro' smoke,
And snatch his Mora from the grave.

PART II.

Now heedless rav'd the stormy night,
For instant terror frown'd no more,
And cheerful blaz'd the spreading light
Round Kilda's dark and dismal shore;

And cheerful smil'd the grateful pair,
And talk'd of death and dangers past,
When loud the voice of wild despair
Came rushing on the midnight blast.

Chill horror seiz'd each lover's heart.....
'Ah me! what dismal sounds draw near!
Defend us heaven!' with sudden start
Cry'd Mora, thrill'd with frantic fear.

One hand supports his trembling wife,
The other grasps his trusty glave;
'My Harp,' he cries, 'has given thee life,
And *this*, that precious life shall save!'

'No danger comes,' deep sigh'd a form,
As near the cave it shiv'ring stood;
'A stranger shipwreck'd by the storm
Implores the gen'rous and the good;

No danger comes.....ah me! forlorn!
A wretch by woes and tempests tost!.....
From love, from friends, and kindred torn,
And dash'd on Kilda's frightful coast!

Restless with grief, at op'ning day
For Lewis' isle I spread the sail;
Sweet rose the lark with cheerful lay,
And sweetly blew the flatt'ring gale!

Ah fate relentless! thus to cheat
With baneful lure and treach'rous smile!
Were human suff'rings not complete
Till wreck'd on Kilda's desert isle!

Lur'd by the light that gleams afar,
With fainting steps these cliffs I prest:....
O! may it prove a polar star,
And guide to pity's shelt'ring breast!

Quick from his grasp the falchion flies
As Col each opening arm extends;
'Approach, ill fated youth!' he cries,
'Here.....here are none but suff'ring friends!

Like thee, we hail'd the matin song,
The flatt'ring gale, and faithless tide!.....
How sweet! by zephyrs borne along,
My Harp and Mora by my side!

Why starts the youth? approach; draw near,
Behold the wreck of storm and wave.....
'Tis all that's left!.....my Harp so dear
I burn'd, that fair one's life to save!'

First pale, then crimson grew his cheek,
And sorely shook his manly frame!
His fault'ring tongue refus'd to speak,
Save to repeat his Mora's name.....

A name which oft had charm'd his ear,
And e'en from childhood grew more sweet;
A name which love had render'd dear,
And sorrow taught him to repeat!

Long had he nurs'd the kindling flame,
Long, long possess'd her virgin heart;
But party feuds and discord came,
And forc'd the tend'rest pair to part.

Torn hapless thus from all he lov'd,
The wretch'd wand'rer left his home,
From isle to isle incessant rov'd;.....
His only wish to idly roam!

Oft had he brav'd the tempest's war,
Unaided in his slender bark;
Oft lonely steer'd by some faint star
That glimmer'd thro' th' involving dark;

Oft, oft uncertain whether driven,
Or near some rock, or breaker borne;
He'd quit his helm to guiding heaven,
And sigh his cheerless lot till morn!

Oft had the wild heath been his bed,
On some lone hill, or craggy steep;
While light'nings flash'd around his head,
And eagles scream'd his woes asleep.

Thus pass'd his wand'ring life away,
'A wretch by woes and tempests tost,'
Till fortune, in her changeful play,
Wreck'd him on Kilda's fatal coast.

Ah! little thought he while he strove
'Gainst whelming wave and rocky sh
Yon light would guide him to his love,
For whom these ceaseless ills he bore!

'Why starts the youth?...approach...draw nea
Behold the wreck of storm and wave!....
'Tis all that's left!.....my Harp so dear
I burn'd, that fair one's life to save!

A glance from Mora's speaking eye
Half calm'd the fond youth's lab'ring breas
The tale goes round.....the bleak winds sigh
And Col mistrustless sinks to rest.

Ah! how could cold distrust possess
A breast so gen'rous, kind, and true!
A heart still melting to distress,
To love.....false fair one! and to you.....

The morn arose with aspect drear,
The waves still dash with sullen roar.....
Col starts from rest.....no Mora's near,
The treach'rous pair are far from shore!

From Kilda's cliff that towers on high,
He spies the white sail far at sea;
And while the big tear fills each eye,
Cries.....'Have I burn'd my Harp for thee!'

O most ungrateful of thy kind!
And most unjust to love and me!
O woman! woman! light as wind,
I'll ne'er burn Harp again for thee

THE WEE THING:

OR,

Mary of Castle-Cary.

A Ballad.

aw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
w ye my true love down on yon lea?
oss'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
ught she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?

er hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;
ark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
ed, red her ripe lips! and sweeter than roses:
Thar could my wee thing wander frae me?"

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk
white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!
She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.'

'Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Aft has she sat, when a bairn on my knee:.....
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.'

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!....
'Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smili
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks fl
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawi
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e

'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see!'
'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to m
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae the

To J. W.

On his Birth-Day.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SEVENTY-TWO AND TWENTY-SEVEN.

M. ANOTHER year to banish gloom,
And still my friend retains his bloom!.....
Still laughs and jokes, and tells his tale;
Eats heartily: drinks homebrew'd ale;
Enjoys good health; is fat and stout,
Though sometimes tortur'd with the gout....
W. The *gout!* young man! come! come, refrain!
You know, Macneil, 'tis but a *sprain*;.....
A random step.....a heedless tread.....
You smile, I see, and shake your head.....

.....Well! be it so.....with all my heart.....
You know the truth.....I know the smart!
M. Be thankful, sir! in life's dull round
Few W.....s are to be found:
Oppress'd with want, perplex'd with care,
Diseas'd, or madd'ning with despair,
The poor or wealthy rarely find
Sound health conjoin'd with tranquil mind.
Now these, you know, have blest you long,
But yet, my friend! you're not still young;
And 'twixt us two, were truths all told,
You think the *gout* sounds plaguy *old*.....
Arriv'd at years full threescore ten.....
W. Who told you that?.....*M.* Why, there again
The *sound is old*.....pox on this tongue!
I wish to God you still were young!

...If I am wrong I cry you mercy;
[y proofs, I own, are only.....hearsay.....
ut tell the truth and I'll engage, sir;.....
...I'm not oblig'd to tell my age, sir.....
Well! be it seventy, more or less,
say your lot is happiness.
'rue, once a year that *stomach sprain*
. month or longer gives you pain.
he fault's your own; I can assure you
ı half the time a child might cure you.
)ear Mac! the means? *M.* Why then I'll tell ye
tay more at home; please less the belly.
[ark now, my friend, and then complain,
ray what is e'en a month of pain?
[nknown to fever, gout, or stone,
he passing year glides smoothly on;

And while life frets and discompose
Hear how *you* spread your bed of ro

Esteem'd by all, by some ador'd,
You often grace your neighbour's l
They give whate'er you prize as be
Old wine.....old joke.....old ale.....ol
Yet mix a charm that all surpasses
W. What's that you rogue? *M. Young bo*

Some hours in social converse b
What say you to a game at *whist?*
Agreed.....cut in.....you get the wo
I'll not aver he will be curst,

but for his *shufflings, cuts, and dealings,*
would not own them for.....some shillings.*

At supper next I see you sit
Replete with glee and social wit;
With some fair nymph you laugh and sport,
Your feast an egg; your liquor port.
The toast goes round, you ask a song,
The *medley*, Mac.....if not too long.'
To sing, you know, I ne'er refuse,
My song is readier than my muse;)
But let me warble what I'm able,
You're still the blithest at the table.

* Alluding to his constant practice of commenting on partner's shuffling, cutting, and dealing the cards never he chanced to have a bad hand.

Temp'rate and wise, at early day
You spring from rest refresh'd and gay;
And sallying forth from six hours nap,
Away you stroll in gown and cap:
Old honest James, * with ruddy cheek
And hobbling gait, you need not seek;
He's still at hand to banish sorrow,
To doff his hat and bid good morrow;
For 'weel,' he says, 'round ilka spot
He likes to see your honor stot.'
Here, on some green-inviting walk,
With him you jest, with him you talk;
Mark how each vernal beauty blows,
How fresh the pink, how sweet the rose;

* An old gardener remarkable for a peculiar phraseology.

How nature's op'ning charms advance,
And sigh for him who calls it.....*chance!*
Here, too, on every blossom'd spray
The thrush and linnet yield their lay,
Around the house the cooing dove
Or flutt'ring flies, or woos his love,
And many a fowl with ardour keen
Greet their kind patron on the green,
While Rover* mild, and Trap* in high glee,
Caper and frisk whene'er they spy ye.

Some time in study next ensues,
Then off go slippers; on go shoes;
From crimson cap and nightgown gay,
A three-tail'd wig, and coat of grey.

* Two favorite Dogs.

Should friends arrive, they'll get
A cod's head stew'd, or roast ve
Should none appear.....* Why, b
For here comes DAVIE,† JEN,†
With friends like these I'm ne'e
You cry....but where's your favo

Ah! stop, brisk muse, a little
A sudden pang has check'd the
Ye sportive rhimes.....effusions
Ye trifling jests.....hence! henc
For other tasks for *me* remain!
The pensive thought; the plain

* Two favorite dishes.
† His daughter and three sons.

The frequent sigh; the throbbing breast
That beats for friendship.....late possess'd!
That droops for mirth's enliv'ning string,
Wit's attic zest, without its sting;
Genius that glow'd with sense refin'd,
And worth that charm'd and bless'd mankind!
And thou, poor muse, whose rambling song
In artless numbers roll'd along;
Heedless I ween of critic sneer
When candid, skilful JOHN was near
To watch thy flight, and guide thy way,
And prune thy wild excursive lay!.....
Ah me! no more on soaring wing
Thy careless notes thou dar'st to sing!
Tim'rous and sad now flutt'ring fly!.....
'Tis strains like *these* thou now must try!

Yes, wretched thing! go.....ven
Thy friend!.....thy early guide...

* The excellent person here mention
of the most dear and intimate friends
ever had. He was a man who (indej
the most amiable virtues) possessed gr
but like many others of distinguishe
too indolent to prosecute or apply hi
advantage. His memory was so ex
that he could get by rote eight hundr
poetry in a day without the omission
and he once offered, in the Author's p
lay a considerable bet, that without an
whatever, he would in three days play
move in Philidore's Treatise on Ches
an admirable critic, and no contemp
both of which arts he cultivated with
his excellence in painting, had it been
would have entitled him to eminence.

wise, possessed an exquisite taste in music, and what renders the character singular is, that with these gifts of genius, mathematics, calculation, and abstract science seemed to be his forte.

To ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF

GARTMORE,

On hearing he had praised one of the Autho
Poems, and written the following elegant Li
on a copy sent to MISS BUCHANAN *of Leny.*

WHILE strains like these beguile a wand'r
care,
And fancy's smile unfetters fortune's fro
Oft will reflection doubt with anxious air
If e'er one sprig this wand'rer's head s
crown.

Teath† heard the strain, and heard the youth,
As round her verdant meads he stray'd,
Still boast his LAURA and his truth,
Regardless of her fav'rite maid;

† The river Teath near Leny.

'And O!' she cried, 'whate'er his breast may
fire,
Whether of love or patriot zeal he sings,
Ne'er may ambition prompt the low desire
To feed on flatt'ry wheresoe'er it springs.

Yet should the voice of taste and sense refin'd
Applaud what some may love, and all my
hear;
And bursting from an elegance of mind
Steal sweetly grateful on a poet's ear;

And as he wove a chaplet gay,
And ev'ry flow'ret cull'd with care,
She snatch'd the rosy wreath away,
And twin'd it round BUCHANAN'S hair.

Welcome! the meed to fire the coming muse
And add fresh ardour to the patriot strain!
Nor virtue blush, nor modesty refuse
To gather flow'rs at truth's unspotted fane!'

Fame heard the prayer, and pointing to the days,
Deep in yon tablet grav'd no vulgar name;
'Behold!' she cried! 'the bard who yields his praise.'
The wand'rer doubting gaz'd, and found it.....GRAHAM.

On the Death

OF

Lieut. Gen. Sir Ralph Abercromby,

Killed at the Battle of Alexandria,
in Egypt, March 21, 1801.

FROM carnag'd fields bedrench'd with gore,
How long must Pity shrink with pain;
Turn, shuddering pale, from shore to shore,
And weep her patriot heroes slain!

Touch'd at her tears that streaming flow,
(Just tribute to the good and brave)
Britannia, wrapt in sable woe,
Bends o'er her ABERCROMBY'S grave.

'And could not age,' she sorrowing cry
'From blood protect thy final doom?
Gild thy last eve with milder skies,
And lay thee gently in the tomb?'

Rock'd in the cradle of alarms,
Nurs'd in the school where glory's wo
Rejoicing in the din of arms,
Soon Valour hail'd her darling son:

Foresaw the bright, the guiding beam
That led to Honour's splendid goal;
Saw, flash'd round POMPEY'S PILLAR, gle
The parting lightnings of his soul!

Yet, in the warrior's dauntless breast
  Fond Hope with mellowing pencil drew;
Pourtray'd the scene when laurel'd rest,
  In peace, enjoys the fav'rite few!.....

Vain dream!.....with war's indignant frown
  Fame twin'd the cypress with the bay;.....
'Be this,' she cried, 'the laurel crown
  To deck my hero's parting day!

Sunk in the shade of still repose,
  Unhonour'd drop the valiant dead;.....
Bright as his day shall beam the close.....
  He dies in Glory's patriot bed!'

'He lives!' Britannia warm replies
As high the trophied urn she re
'He lives in VIRTUE's bursting si
His COUNTRY's PRAISE!.....his C
TEARS!'

ON

Admiral Lord NELSON's

Sending in the hour of Victory, a Flag of Truce to stop the further effusion of blood, in the memorable Naval Engagement off Copenhagen, April 2d, 1801.

AGAIN the tide of rapture swells;
Britannia sees new trophies rise;
Again the trump of vict'ry tells
That with the brave compassion lies!

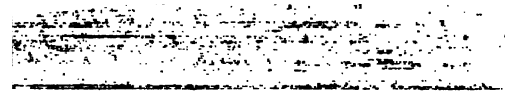
In vain the carnage of the field!
In vain the conquest of the main!
The brave may bleed.....the brave may yield,
'Tis *Mercy* binds the brave again!

True to the dictates of the heart
That melts to pity's godlike glow,
HUMANITY arrests the dart,
Half wing'd, to lay the vanquish'd lo

Swift through the battle's thund'ring sto
See! deck'd in smiles she takes her st
Assumes her NELSON's fav'rite form,
She lifts her ægis o'er the land!

Struck with the radiance of her shield,
Returning Friendship warms the Dan
The brave may fight!.....the brave may y
MERCY unites the brave again.

END OF VOL. I.



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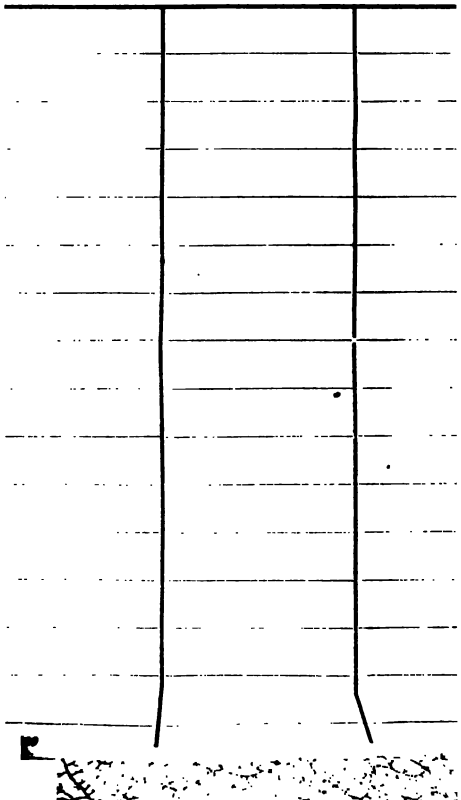
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